

THE
SEVERALL
SPEECHES AND

Songs at the presentation of

MR. BUSHELL ROCK

TO THE

QUEENES

Most Excellent Majesty

Aug. 31. 1636

HER HIGHNESSE

being Graciously Pleased to

Hearke the said Speeches

only with Her

Majesties Anger

BY

COMMANDED THE SAME

to be called after her owne

Princely name

HENRIETTA

OXFORD.

Printed by LEONARD LICHFIELD

and are to be sold by Thomas Blount

MDC. XXXVI

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THE SEVEN

Harvard College Library
Bernie Fine

February 9 1954

Mr. Russell Brock

TO THE

OVERNES

Mid-Western

Aug. 22 1936

HER HIGHNESS

being graciously pleased to

Honour the said Rock, and

only with the

Royal

D.V.

COMMANDED THE SAME

to be called after her own

name

HENRIETTA

OXFORD

Printed by Leonard Lichfield
and sold by Thomas Agnew

and Sons



The *Hermits* speech ascending out of the
ground as the KING entered the Rock.

VITH bended knees thus humbly doe I pray,
You blessed powers, that glorifie this day,
And to my frozen lipps haue vnterance giuen,
Speak, O speak the Commands you bring from heauen?
For by times Embleme that since Noahs flood,
I thus haue grasped, my soule hath vnderstood,
The world no farther Iorney hath to saile
Then is betwixt this Serpents head, and taile.
If then before the Earths great funerall,
Most glorious SERPENT, you hither come to call
The Inmates of this solitarie place
To strict account, for Heauens sake daigne the grace
To lend your patience, and a gentle care
To what I ought to speak, and you may heare:
A Prodigall profuse in vast expence,
That nothing studied, but to please his sense,
Trimming a glorious outside, whil' it within
He cherisht nought, but propagating sinne,
That multiplied so fast, there was no place
Allow'd for virtue, or for sauing grace;
God of his mercy pleased was at last
A gracious Eye vpon his soule to cast,
Which being so neere a finall rack as now
His only care, his studie is, but how
He may redeeme the yeares he lost in sinne,
And liue as he to liue did now beginne.
What followed next must be conceau'd of course,
Confession, contrition, and remorse,

Holding
Serpents
hand.

A

There

These guides to heauen he happily persw'd,
View'd his past life, and that againe review'd.
And to that end he purchas'd at a price
This field, then after ill, now his Paradise;
Where he as man of old, by God being bound
With Adam, wrought, and dig'd, and drest the grounds:
Here are no Rivers such as Eden had,
Nor were these banks with trees or flowers clad.
T' invite a stay, the Owle, not Philomell
Within this solitarie place did dwell.
And I, the Genius of this obscure Caele
Since the great deluge, liu'd as in a graue,
Chain'd to this R o c k, my Tomb-stone in dispaire
Of freedome, or to view such beames, as are
Shot from your Virtues: All my dayes were night,
Vntill the humble Owner brought to light
These eyes of mine, and forc'd great nature show
This master-peece, a grace she did not owe
To any age before, and sooth to say,
I thinke it was created 'gainst this day,
If then you be the God of Brittaines earth,
And rule this Ile, (as sure you are by birth)
Vouchsafe a blessing, such a one as may,
Preserue this R o c k, my mansion from decay.
For envie would expell me from my home,
And sinck me in the ruines of my owne,
But let the true Possessor, to whom heauen
For pure devotion-like this place hath giuen
Let him in peace enioy it, that he may
Build Altars here, and daily offerings pay
For his preferuers health grant this, and then
I that liu'd long with stones, will live with men:
And thinke the golden age is now begunne,
In which no injuries are meant or done:
Such Innocents as yet remaine with vs
That doe inhabit here, and humbly thus.

We

We meane to liue, having no other fare:
Then uncurs'd water, which corrupted are,
Vouchsafe to enter, and you here shall find
Nothing but what may please a distressed mind.
My bold Commission's done, and I returne
Downe to my humble graue, my peacefull urne.

M^r B. SHELLE, His Contemplation
upon the Rock.

Great nature, had I not a Soule, that spies
A greater power enthron'd above the skies,
I should adore thee, and should adore
This maister-peece of things, and in thy face
The fat of Bullocks to thy memorie,
But we forbidden are to desire
What may be seene; since that is reveald
The face of what's divine must be conceal'd
From mortall eyes, untill that greatest light
Be quite put out that severs day from night.
Where are the Muses, that were wont to sing
Their well tun'd notes about Perseus spring?
Where is that Maister-peece of Poets now
That had a Lawrell wreath to crowne each brow?
Where are those paper-spoyleers, that can part
With many sheetes to paint out painted Art
In praising faces, features such as be
In beantie poore, if once compar'd to thee?
Shall I not thinke the world on's death-bed lyer,
And summon'd to his funerall obsequies?

The soules departed hence, when thus they
 Nature unlocke her richest treasure
 And in this doting age discover more
 Then in six thousand yeares that pass before
 You, that can seek for your selves from men
 And buried be alive, in Cae, or den,
 In hollow R o c k, or in a desert groue,
 That the sad note of murmuring water love;
 Ile bring you to a R o c k, that for it's pleasure
 The Indies cannot purchase with their treasure,
 Where none but virgin silence liveth there
 And sweetest Musicke charmes the chaste care
 The fountaines times doe keepe to birds that sing,
 And on the plaine ~~for untill~~ by each spring
 The ayrie Chorus uttereth their song
 The solid R o c k that various fountaines had from
 Even into strings as small as smallest wyte
 Seemes to consort, and so make up a quire
 Such as the holy virgines sweetly raise
 When their choice Hymnes doe sing on holy dayes
 So that devotion here is kept on wing,
 And rather rais'd, then chequ'd by whispering
 Offsprings with R o c k s, or R o c k s with light beel'd streames
 Night swimmes away in rest, the day in drest
 So that the watchfull harts need no clock
 There are perpetuall Chymes within this R o c k
 That will not let his contemplation sleepe
 Would he be sad, there he may learne to weepe
 Of every object offer'd to his eye
 The humble pavement never shall be dry
 But moistened still, with teares that there are shed
 From the rich fountain of the R o c k s child's head
 This my Prophetick soule foretells shall be;

B N S T O N, the honour, that shall dwell with thee.

A Sonnet within the pillar of the
Table at the Banquet.

Come away blest soules no more
Feede your eyes with what is poore.
Tis enough that you haue blest
What was rude; what was undrest,
And created in a wise
Out of Chaos paradise.
Come away and cast your law away
On this humble sacrifice.

We no golden apples eate;
Here's no Adam, here's no Eve;
Nor a Serpent dares appeare,
Whilest your Majesties stay here.
Oh then sit, and take your due;
Those the first fruits are that growe
In this Eden, and are throwne
On this Altar as your owne.

3.

Set a chaire for earth's Iove,
Bring another for his love.
Come away, vouchsafe to taste
What was gathered up in haste,
If we live another yeare
By your grace and favour here,
Italy, and France, and Spaine
Of their fenns shall boast in vaine.

Mr BVSHELL presenting the Rock by
an Eccho sung to the KING and
QUEENES Majesty.

ECCHO

I charge thee answer me to what I aske,
Hath ought presented to these Princes pleas'd?
Pleas'd? O gentle Eccho speak that word againe,
How haue they lik'd our Rock, our Caue, our Wall?
Well! proud would their Hott be, should I tell him
Tell him Eccho, I will that he dispaire not
What shall we giue them by way of thankfulness?
That, like thee, is aire; we would giue what's reall
All, why all that we haue is but this Rock,
Giue them this poore Rock, Eccho meane you for
To which of them, to'th King or to the Queene?
What to the King, if this be giuen the Queene?
The Queene, there's nought more precious, tis true:
Can nothing more be added to his blisse?
Blisse, the blisse of Heauen Eccho you meane sure;
Sure be't to them both as this our blessing;
Sing gentle Eccho, is that thy desire?

ECCHO

aske
pleas'd
againe
well
tell him
spare not
thankfulness
all
this Rock
so
the Queene
the Queene
true
blisse
sure
sing
desire

Then blessed be this paire
On the earth, in the aire,
Blessed in their lasting ioyes,
Blessed in their Girles and Boyes,
Let them live to heare it told,
Their grand-Grandchildren are growne old,
Let her beauty ever last,
And his vigor neuer wast.
Let the sea, that bounds these Isles,
Ebbe at least ten thousand miles:

And

And returne no more, but leane
 New kingdomes for them to bequeath,
 To the many heires they get,
 And when they pay nature's debt,
 Let their bodies not be found
 Dwelling in the fluttish ground,
 But translated to those aloof
 Only built for blessed ones.
 Eccho let these prayers be
 Poasted vp to Heauen by thee
 And if granted let vs know,
 Gentle Eccho answer so
 So, then 'tis agreed above
 That this paire shall liue and lone:
 And for euer happie be
 In their blissfull presence.
 Eccho, for this newes I will
 Leane that thou shalt euer liue
 In this Paradise of theirs,
 Theirs Eccho, tis no more mine
 Theirs, and thine Eccho euer
 Fates decrees, alies neuer.

Eccho

above
 and lone
 happie be
 posteritie
 liue
 theirs
 mine
 euer



A Sonnet sung to the KING and
 QUEENE at Mr. Bulbells Rock.

H Arke, hark, how the flowers in the Rocks
 Strive their songes to a sweet lock,
 And would be strong
 Wherewith they know
 To singe their loves
 In such a place
 As this is called
 Bulbells Rock.

And returne no more, but leave
Of the King and the Queene
Since the King and the Queene
Daigne to say
They would pay
A visit to this cell,
But all tongues cannot tell

Now long have we
Our full thankfullnesse
Poised vnto Heauen by these
And it granted for vs know

Harke, harke, how the streamers rent along,
And for want of a tongue
Cent in their

All their fears
Least the King, least the Queene
Being come, should see
That we were

In this cave,
That nothing can delight
That is brought to their sight,
Of full express
Our hearts thankfullnesse.

Harke, harke, how the Birds in the groves

Spring to tender their loves
Far the Spring,
That the King,

And the Queene bring along:
Doe but see how they strong
With their notes

In their throats, A
On each Banck, in each Bush

Sits a Larke, and a Thrush,
That sayne would expresse
Their hearts thankfullnesse.

H

4.
Hark, hark, we humbly doe intreat
How your Hosts hearts doth beate,
How it pants,
Cause it wants
What he gladly would bring
To the Queene, and the King,
Daigne to speake,
Least it breake,
Let him know you are pleas'd
That his heart may be eas'd
Or this Rock or this cave
Is his Tombe or his grave.

The Musick to these songs was compos'd
by SIMON IV. R.

FINIS.

